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CHAPTER XXVII. A ROOTED SORROW.

"Them!" he repeats, a pained, troubled expression in his eyes that puzzles me. "There are but two people living now who bear the name, I believe—Mr. Erroll and his absent son. What can Heriot Erroll ever have done to you that you hate him so bitterly, Lesley?"

"Done!" I repeat. "Is it not enough that he is the son of the man who robbed my mother of her inheritance, my brother of his happiness?"

"But think, Lesley, how little he has had to do with it—how little either has benefited him," he persists. "Heriot Erroll is a wanderer on the face of the earth, destitute alike of friends or position. What has he ever gained from his father's usurpation of your family's rights?"

"How valiantly you defend him!" I reply. "One would think you had some special reason for objecting to my dislike of Heriot Erroll."

"I have," is the quiet reply that surprises and puzzles me. "I should be sorry, indeed, if I thought you could have any real meaning in what you say—that you could ever be so hard and unjust as to visit the sins of the father upon the son to the extent you threaten."

"Do you know him?" I ask, surprised into the question by the gravity and earnestness with which he speaks.

"Ah, indeed, better than any other man in life, Lesley; and, believe me,

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country.

"One day by one of these strange accidents that would more like some thrilling episode from the pages of a sensational novel than the real occurrences of everyday life, I had the good fortune to save this man's life at the imminent risk of my own, from the hands of a gang of cutthroat desperadoes, who, tempted by the large sum of money supposed to be in his possession at the time, had planned to rob and murder him at a lonely little shanty among the mountains at which he was stopping for the night on his return from a business trip.

"Instead of thanking me for the service I had been able to render him, as any other man would have done, Mr. Newell stalked into the bar of the wretched little Nevada saloon—in which, after one deadly peril and desperate fight, we were both taking shelter—and, drawing his wallet from his pocket, tossed it toward me with more contempt than any other man would display in tossing a bone to a dog.

"There are fifteen thousand dollars, all in fifty-dollar bills, in that pocket-book, young man, he began, looking me severely over from head to foot, and the life you have saved is not worth a solitary greenback to the man who owns it! But you are welcome to the whole if it will release me from any sense of obligation to you. The man does not live to whom I would owe a favor from which any amount of money would release me. There is the money. Take it; and I hope you are paid!"

"Poor as I was, I threw it back to him, with a contempt that equaled his own.

"I had scarcely five dollars in my pocket at the moment, some mining speculation in which I had recently engaged had turned out disastrously. But I would rather have starved in the street of London or New York than have touched a cent of his.

"The terms in which I informed him of the fact, and of my own private opinion of his behaviour, were not at all polite, I assure you; but, instead of resenting my indignation, as I expected, he came up to me, that rough, old miner, and laid his hand on my shoulder, with a few kind, homely words that dispelled my anger, and drew me toward him in bonds of good fellowship that were never severed.

"From that hour we became friends—such friends as few men ever do become. In sickness or health we stood by each other, and in all our ups and downs—they were mostly downs, so far as I was concerned—George Newell and I were staunch, untiring friends, although the circumstances attending our first meeting were never mentioned between us, and, so long as he lived, he never again attempted to offer me a favor.

"Much as I grow to like him—and I did like him, in spite of the bitter cynicism that characterized all he said and did—I would rather have died than accepted a penny from him—and he knew it. But for all that we smoked our pipes, aired our pet theories, and talked over our troubles together with a confidence neither of us ever reposed in any one else.

Poor Newell! What it was that had embittered one of the noblest natures, and hardened one of the kindest hearts

however hard and bitter you may feel toward him, Heriot Erroll can never be any enemy of yours."

CHAPTER XXVIII. FOR SAVING A LIFE.

"WHAT do you know of Mr. Erroll?" I demand, as Charley Denton makes his remarkable statement. Then I continue:

"And to think that you should be a friend of the one man out of all creation for whom I have ever entertained a really deep and deadly hatred! Did you meet him in America, Mr. Denton?"

"Yes," he replies, a wistful expression in his eyes as he looks at me. "I did know him in America, certainly."

"What was he doing there?" I ask, with suddenly aroused curiosity.

"Working for his bread as I was, with a pick and spade, in the Western gold fields."

"Was he as fortunate as you, Mr. Denton? Did he succeed in making a fortune, as you did?"

"I did not make my fortune," he replies. "I owe my good luck, such as it is, to no merits or success of my own. Shall I tell you how I came to be a rich man, Lesley?" he asks, with an evident effort to change the subject.

"Tell me anything about yourself, Mr. Denton," I reply. "I am very much more interested in your adventures than in Heriot Erroll's. But, first of all, tell me something of your early life. Strange as it may seem, I am still ignorant as to whether you are really an American or only an Americanized Englishman."

"An Americanized Englishman, I suppose, at all events," he adds, with a thoughtful look in those handsome, gray eyes which, in spite of yourself, are beginning to find their way to my heart. "And, when little more than a boy, I landed in New York without a friend in the country, and scarcely a dollar in my pocket.

"I had quarreled with my father, who, in return, had cast me off with less compassion than he would have bestowed on a dog who had offended him; and, rather than apply to him for assistance, I put my dignity into my pocket and went to work at anything I could find to do.

"I encountered many hardships, but I was not to be put down or discouraged; and, at last, after some months of hard work, I managed to scrape together a little money, with which I went to San Francisco, and finally drifted to Nevada, where, among others engaged at that time in the silver mining, I made the acquaintance of a man named Newell.

"He was a queer, morose, eccentric being, whose one predominant feeling appeared to be hatred of his kind, and a rooted distrust and suspicion of all who approached him—a strange, silent, eccentric-mannered man of fifty, whose past was shrouded in mystery, and who, while living the rough life of a miner, destitute alike of friend or relative, was reported to be one of the richest men in that section of

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that ever beat in human breast, I never feared; but that there must have been some unwritten romance in his past I always felt from the first. The proof of it came into my hand on the day we made him ready for the grave.

"He died very suddenly, struck down by a blow swift and resistless as a flash of lightning. Lying close to the cold, dead heart—that poor, fond, foolish heart that had treasured this pitiful, little remnant of a real romance so tenderly—lay a small, unsealed packet, containing an old lock of hair that held the faded picture of a woman's face, with a white silk lining with the name 'Marjory' worked in hair.

"A lovely, bewitching little face, smiling brightly out from under the broad brim of a great gypsy hat, and folded carefully away with it were a couple of cuttings from some long-forgotten English newspaper—one announcing the marriage of a Miss Marjory Lomant with a Sir Gerard Rivers, and the other bearing a few years' later date, recording the death of a famous London beauty, Lady Marjory Rivers, in her twenty-fifth year, of consumption.

"Under the printed word consumption was written in poor George Newell's own hand, 'a broken heart!' And that was all I ever knew of my poor friend's story.

"Had she been false to him, this pretty, little Marjory, whoever she was—or was it some cruel fate over which neither had any control, that separated them?

"We laid him to rest in a miner's grave under the blue Nevada sky, over which, according to his own wish, no stone was ever to be raised, no mark placed.

"Rich as he was, and he was rich beyond the expectations of all who knew him, no one ever came forward to claim kindred with him. Who and what he was was never known. But, when his will was opened, to my intense surprise I found that he left me nearly a quarter of a million dollars invested in bonds and railway shares. The rest of the great wealth which he had spent his life in accumulating, but which he had never enjoyed, was bequeathed to different charities in England and America.

"To me, 'his one and only friend,' as the will expressed it, he left the one solitary request—that I would see that all his private papers and effects were carefully destroyed without any human eye being permitted to look into them.

"The request was, of course, gravely and reverently carried out; and then, feeling a tolerably rich man, I came back to England, and met you, Lesley.

"What my life is henceforth to be will depend upon you, dear. You hold my future in your hands," he adds, his voice husky with emotion, and his eyes wet with the tears poor George Newell's memory has evoked.

Tears for which I do not like him any the less, manfully as he strives to conceal them.

"You are the only woman I have ever loved," he presently adds—"whom I shall ever ask to share poor George Newell's legacy with me; that is the reason I have told you his story."

CHAPTER XXIX. THE COQUETTE'S FLEA.

A fortnight later, the old house at Deepdene is once more shut up and deserted. Addie and I are alone together in a comfortable but unpretentious lodging in Hanbury, in which we are to remain until the return of Leonard and his friend from their travels on the Continent.

After an infinite amount of persuasion, Charley has succeeded in carrying poor Len off on that suddenly projected trip to the Italian lakes; and the date of their return is by no means certain.

(To be continued.)

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Fashion Plates

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2221—Good for gingham, chambray, seersucker, linen, flannel, khaki, percale and lawn. The fronts are reversible, a practical feature. The dress may have the sleeves in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes. 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 28 requires 7 yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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2567—This is a splendid model for combination of material; a serviceable style for cotton or cloth. The foundation may be of serge, gabardine or other plain fabric, and the overblouse of plaid or checked cutting, satin or velvet. One could make those parts that are covered by the overblouse, of lining, and so save material.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Size 12 will require 3 yards of 36-inch material for the foundation. The overblouse will require 2 1/2 yards.

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WAR REVIEW.

The Germans are continuing in their retreat everywhere between Arras and Soissons sector, under the violent attacks by the Allied troops. As yet there seems to be no slackening in the offensive that is steadily reclaiming numerous French towns and villages and territory that long has been in the hands of the enemy. Indeed instead of halting his men for a breathing spell, Marshal Foch seems to be pushing his men forward with greater impetus, and at present the retiring enemy shows no indication of turning and offering more of a battle than he recently has been giving with his machine gunners and infantry units that are acting as a rear guard to aid in covering the eastward retrograde movement. Already outflanking the old Hindenburg line on the north Field Marshal Haig's forces gradually are cutting their way eastward, both north and south of the Somme and putting down strong counter attacks, although on several sectors they have had to cease ground temporarily. Unofficial reports assert that the British have captured the important town of Bapaume, where for days there has been bitter fighting. The Germans exerting their utmost strength to keep Haig's men from gaining control of the railway and the high road leading to Cambrai. To the south the British also are reported to have penetrated to the outskirts of Maurepas, another point of strategic value. Along both sides of the Somme running eastward ground has been gained and south of Feroenne, where the river bends sharply southward the stream has been crossed at several points and this important railroad junction outflanked. Since the caving in of the German line by the fall of Chaulnes and Roye the French literally have overrun the southern portion of Picardy, having reached the western bank of the canal Du Nord along almost its entire length, and captured the town of Noyon which surrounded by hills, has stood defiantly for days under a rain of shells. Southeast of Noyon other important positions have been taken and between the Oise and Aisne the French have overcome the heavy resistance of the enemy, and crossed the Ailette river northwest of Soissons where the Americans are in the line with the French in the general movement of clearing Picardy of the enemy. There has been severe fighting, but the Allied troops having the advantage. The American sector is between Chavigny and Juvisy and the enemy facing them includes the Prussian seventh infantry. Along the Vesle river at Basoches and Flamette the situation is rather less tense than it was yesterday and Wednesday when the heavy fighting occurred between the Americans and Germans. Thursday the Americans heavily shelled the German positions, but the Germans failed to accept their challenge to a duel and replied only feebly. The claim of the German War Office that

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